

THE DINNER
TO CELEBRATE THE
XLV ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
Class of 1867
U. S. M. A.

West Point, New York

JUNE 12, 1912

7

DEAR old Godfrey had been thinking about it for a year, and in the kindness of his heart had asked me to come in with the other small children for the ice cream. When I saw a chance to be useful Bill Roe and Sep Jones, the other members of the dinner committee, just had to sidestep and let me right up to the trough although legally I am only a breveted veteran of 1867. You will find later a list of the 29 surviving graduates out of the 63 who entered in 1863. To all of these and to the "aftermath" I sent the following reply post card on June 6:—

DEAR BROTHER GRADUATE OF 1867—

It is proposed to have a Re-union Dinner on the night of June 12, at West Point. A table has been reserved and the price of dinner will be \$3.50. Wine and cigars extra.

General Godfrey has asked me to sound the dinner call. Here it is.

I need not impress upon you the importance of notifying me by return post whether you can come. It will probably be our last meeting, so please make every effort to join us.

Fraternally yours,

HENRY METCALFE,
Cold Spring, Putnam Co., N. Y.

L. D. Tel. No. 2

I { can { come
 { cannot {

This is almost brief enough to be witty. But time was very short, as I had only received word to go ahead that morning and had only three hours to get the addresses by telephone and to print and post the cards before mail time. Some replies had to come from far, and the steward required to know the number attending at the latest on Monday, June 10.

There was no trouble. Everyone was prompt, but the number guaranteed dropped from 15 to 12, and eleven were actually present.

Old Godfrey with his moustache sweeping on each side like a swallow's wing and keen, shifting eyes that seemed to expect an Arrapahoe behind the arras; lithe, and ready as ever for a fight or a foot race.

Bill Rogers, rather more high browed than of yore, but his hair was still challenging the scalper, and his voice alternately swelling in sonorous periods and bursting in song.

Sep Jones was there, light and fantastic from tip to toe, his natural garment of boyishness scarcely veiling the bony framework of time tables of which such a

quartermaster as he is must of necessity be composed.

Lannie Howes came early and was just what we all would have expected and what he himself would have most desired could he have foreseen in 1867 the dinner in 1912. Still worthy of his class name, and still the gentle loving persuader to good deeds and good digestion.

The fiery Roe was all alight with the flame that kindles but never burns. From a snowy crest and over a long flowing beard of patriarchal white still gleamed beside a thin raptorial beak eyes like a hawk's, avid only for good things and good fellowship. His slender frame seemed fitted for high flights on "wings that fan the ashen past to signal fires—Oblivions flight to scare."

Pitman the Dad, slight and erect as ever, had just stepped in from his laboratory with only a few logarithms clinging to his golden hair, as traces of the last debauch with science. His magazine of smokeless puns was full and so was his repertory of incident, exact and accurate to a limit of 0.001.

John Conline, somewhat heavier in body but as earnest as he was at Gettysburg and as zealous and hopeful as he had proved himself in the long, hard seven years in which he served Laban for his diploma. His love and devotion to the service had grown at compound interest for forty-nine years. Could we all have been what he thought us, we would have had reason to be proud of ourselves. As it was, we were proud of him.

Brix Farragut, the French Barber, was the untiring chorister and go-between of mirth. He brought along a book of songs out of which he tried to teach us the Star Spangled Banner. With the help of a piano we had the Mocking Bird bring in the moonlight and mock the flight of Time. With a little more hair on the top of his head and a wipe from the blacking brush on his upper lip he would have passed muster under Henry Black.

George P. Borden, who took a short cut to a star in January, 1864, and whose early experience in war was then continued with only a brief interlude, was white but still the same. Thin, white, erect, with a keen eye and a heavy moustache, the guard at Vincennes would turn out to do him honor.

Dear old Pip did not fail us. His Expectations have become Great Recollections, which he is always taking up. Not much of a talker, he sits and broods over the

follies of the past and the foolishness of the present, and is more ready to tell of himself than on another. John has grown heavier in form and feature and he has trouble with his knees, but he *would* take a walk through the cemetery after the exercises in the old chapel were completed.

And then there was another fellow who got in on the sly. Though he was a fat man every one seemed to love him.

Here is our dinner card, and thus we sat, at an elliptical table in an upper room of the officers' mess:

Godfrey

Pitman	Rogers
Jones	Howes
Conline	Roe
Farragut	Gifford
Borden	

Metcalf

There was no formality. Godfrey, with a few well chosen words, called on several of us for remarks.

Jones and Conline set an example worthy of imitation at future meetings by treating of their lives as human documents. There is much in a man's life, even in that of a modest man, that is of great interest to his friends, and that even Braden does not get hold of. How many of us could on such short notice have concentrated an Army as well as Jones did in 1898? and how many of us knew of the moving tale of his 41 changes of station in 40 years? Although Conline's first room mate, I had never realized the grit he showed, nor the clearness with which he saw his goal.

Rogers was the first called on; with a happy reference to his oration July 4, 1866. His well-stored mind did not fail him and he gave us a Benedictine that followed after the Periere.

Borden told of the hard crowd he got into in the cockloft of the 7th Division. "Crazy" Hodges, who stole cabbages from some Professor's garden, to feed some other fellow's pet rabbits. Old Stimson shooting bell buttons shells out of the tin cylinders used to hold indelible ink boxes. Of Bill Bockes and big Cliffe. He had met Hodges in the curb market in New York; Bockes as a banker in Saratoga, and Cliffe as a great political speaker in Tennessee.

Gifford told of how Stimson, his room mate, got

teasing him by thrusting at his dress hat with a ramrod. John said, "Two can play at that game," and batted Stimson's hat with a broom. Then, turning to see the effect of his rebuke, he was surprised to find Stimson convulsed with laughter. Stimson had changed the dress hats before he began!

The Babe read the replies on his post cards other than those indicated by erasure.

Agony Johnson said, "I am sorry to say I cannot come. Please give my love to the members of the class who are there and tell them I would like very much to be there. Hurrah for the class of '67'"

George Garretson said, "It is hard lines to say no, but I must do it. Have been very ill and not well yet. Nothing else could keep me away. It would be more than delightful to see you all at old West Point again. Love to all the fellows and don't call this one 'the last.' It sounds mournful."

Hinman wrote, "I regret to say my eyesight is very poor."

Haupt said, "Have just returned from a trip with International Naval Delegates and find my wife quite ill and an accumulation of pressing business. It is with sincere regret, therefore, that I must decline, but I wish the survivors of '67 all God speed."

Richmond wrote, "Many regrets. Hoping you may have a pleasant reunion."

Clay Goodloe says, "With regret more than I can say, I cannot come, owing to breaking up housekeeping and just settling in my country home."

Ruffner says, "I have just bought me a residence for a home and am in the throes of deeds and abstracts, not to speak of payments."

Eckhart wrote a long letter saying that he had had to give up because of a law suit which he thought had been arranged for, had suddenly been set for June 13. He hoped to see some account of our behaviors."

The most ambitious response was the following poem written by Roe for the centennial meeting of 1902, but not delivered because of lack of time. In prefacing its recital Roe spoke of what a resource his pen and pencil had been to him in days of deep financial trouble.

THE SPIRIT OF WEST POINT.

From the silence and the shadows
Of the fifty cycles round
We, the few remaining gather
With our memories profound,
Comrades who tonight are meeting,
"Tenting on the old camp ground."

As the narrow footpaths beaten
Unto stately highways grow,
As the mountain torrents sweeten
Streams that thro salt marshes flow,

West Point's spirit lifts and broadens
With ideal burgeoning so.

When the fallacies that wrangle
Overcome themselves and die
Truths shall rise like stars that spangle
All the blue-black arching sky,
And the "Thus!" of progress answers
Slowly all who question, "Why?"

So her spirit's potent glances
To the nation points the ways,
And tomorrow's light advances
With the waning of today's,
Recking nought of jealous clamor,
Caring even less for praise.

While the serfs of Poland tremble
'Neath the Muscovite's proud heel,
Kelt and Saxon still dissemble
Concord that they hardly feel,
Federal and Confederate legions
Join in Freedom's commonweal.

Not for factious feud or quarrel,
Olive crown or laurel wreath,
Fly the banners highest-masted,
Or the martial strains prolong;—
Keep the bullet in the barrel
And the blade within the sheath,
Lest some ruffian—curl or dastard—
Should forget that we are strong.

Reverently name the absent
From our numbers' lessening list:—
Thornberg, Almy, Cranston, Harris,
First of all we've mourned and missed,
Dead upon the field of battle,
By the lips of Glory kissed.

From the sea encircled islands
Where the tropic sunray sheds;
From the continental Highlands
Where the mightiest river heads;
From the Californian fastness
Of the murderous Lava-beds;

From the shadows and the silence
Where our comrades sweetly sleep,
Knowing it was worth the dying,
Worth the dreaming long and deep,
They arise to join the revel
That tonight the living keep.

Now the seer's prophetic vision
Sees our influence enlarge,
Till on war's malignant fury
Every battle-flag is furled;

Until life unfolds elysian
On some perfect future's marge,
Still the sword shall serve the jury
Of a love-enraptured world.

For all vested rights upholding
Shall West Point forever stand,
In a finer manhood blended
Both the tender and the strong,
Where tomorrow's men are molding
Who shall serve or guide the land
To a conquest swift and splendid
Over every vested wrong.

An affectionate telegram of greeting was received during the dinner from Ky 55 (Sammy Sweigert) and the Hero of the battle of Alexandria (Pratt) in California, showing that they loved us at least \$3.50 worth.

There was a motion, duly carried, that we all live another year, or at least until after another dinner, and the undersigned was deputed to pass around his nursing bottle filled with Bulgarian buttermilk diluted from the fountain of youth.

We sat down at 7 and rose at 11, none the least the worse for wear. There was a kindergarten of 1902 caterwauling next door, which we visited by way of inspiration and reproach.

The cost of the dinner was \$5.88.

Yours very truly,

HENRY METCALFE.

Alphabetical list of cadets joining class of 1867:

JULY 1, 1863	LEFT	ADDRESS
Almy, J. Mass	June, '67	
Barber, Thos. H.	" "	
Bassel, J.	" "	Weston, W. Va.
Bell, Jas. E.	" "	
Bell, Jos. V.	January, '64	
Black, Sam. W.	" '65	
Bockes, Wm. H.	June, '64	Saratoga, N.Y.
Boyd, O. B.	" '67	
Campbell, C. H.	" '64	Washington, D.C.
Cradlebaugh, Geo. W.	" '67	
Crawford, M.	" "	Washington, D.C.
Eckhart, C. G.	" "	Tuscola, Ill.
Eaton, N. H.	January, '64	
Flint, Hy. H.	" "	
Garretson, Geo. A.	June, '67	Cleveland, O.
Gifford, J. H.	" "	Fort Washington, Md.
Godfrey, E. S.	" "	Cookstown, N. J.
Greer, John E.	" "	
Heintzleman, C. S.	" "	
Howe, Walter	" "	Washington, D.C.
Howes, L. T.	" "	Stamford, Ct.
Hughes, James M.	" '64	
Kingsbury, J. J. D.	" '65	
Mahan, F. A.	" '67	51 Ave. Moutaigne, Paris
Miller, C. P.	" "	Washington, D. C.
Moss, H. N.	" "	Washington, D. C.
Quinan, John A.	January, '64	
Redmond, Patk,	" "	
Remak. S.	June, '67	
Reynolds, W. F. Jr.	" "	
Richardson, J. L.	" '64	
Richmond, E. T. C.	" '67	Toledo, O
Roe, W. J. Jr.	" "	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rosse, Irving C.	January, '64	
Ruffner, E. H.	June, '67	250 Hosea ave., Cincinnati, O.
Sartle, W. J.	" "	
Shoemaker, F. L.	" '66	
Stelle, C. P.	" '64	
Stimson, E. K.	" "	
Taylor, C. N.	" '65	
Turtle, Thos.	" '67	
Underwood, W.	" '64	
Walbudge, W. H.	January, '64	
Walls, N.	" '65	

Admitted September, 1863, and later

Adams, T. R.	June, '67	
Apelles, F. A.	January, '64	
Baxter, C. E.	" "	
Bodfish, S. H.	June, '65	
Borden, G. P.	January, '64	330 W. 95th st., N. Y. city
Callender, H. F. (Oct.)	" "	
Campbell, J. A.	June, '67	
Campbell, S. S.	January, '65	

Capron, A.	June, '67	
Chaplin, P. C.	January, '64	
Chester, E. N.	June, '67	
Cliffe, J. B.	January, '65	
Conline, J.	June, '66	Washington, D. C.
Cotton, G. P.	" '67	Hotel Gotham, N. Y. city
Curtis, E. S.	" "	
Davis, J. M. K.	" "	Hartford, Ct.
Davis, E. (Oct)	" "	Honolulu, H. T.
Farragut, L.	" '65	113 E. 36th st., N.Y.city
Fitzpatrick, P.	" "	
Goodloe, G. C.	January, '64	Washington, D.C.
Goodman, Jacob E.	" "	
Griffith, Jos. E. (Oct.)	June, '67	
Harris, G. M. (Oct.)	" '65	
Hasler, J. A.	January, '65	
Haupt, L. M.	June, '67	Philadelphia, Pa.
Hinman, F. A.	" "	Flushing, N.Y.city
Hodges, W. H.	January, '64	
Howard, G. R.	" "	
Johnson, J. M. (Nov.)	June, '67	Colorado Springs
Jones, H. ap M. (Oct.)	" "	
Lomia, Luigi	" "	New Rochelle, N.Y.
Maguire, E.	" "	
Merriman, E. M.	" "	Conway, Ark.
Metcalfe, H.	" '66	Cold Spring, N.Y.
Mallery, J. C.	" '67	Paris
Murphy, E. P.	" "	
McCallum, W. B. (Oct.)	" "	
McClellan, J.	" "	San Diego, Cal.
Osgood, H. B.	" "	
Pitman, J.	" "	Orange, N.J.
Powell, C. F.	" "	
Pratt, S.	" "	Piedmont, Cal.
Rawlins, J. S.	January, '65	
Rodman, J. B.	June, '65	
Rogers, R. M.	" '67	
Rogers, W. E.	" "	Garrison, N.Y.
Schenck, A. D.	" "	
Sears, C. B.	" "	
Shaler, C.	" "	Indianapolis
Stiles, H. C.	January, '64	
Swigert, S. M.	June, '65	Piedmont, Cal.
Thornburgh, T. T.	" '67	
Wager, B.	" "	
Wolcott, C. C.	" "	
Wood, O. E.	" "	

Joined from upper classes

Bates, C. W.	July, '63;	Left January, '66	
Wallen, H. D.	" '64;	" July, '67	
Danes, H. C.	" '65;	" " "	
Cranston, A.	" " "	" " "	
Jones, S. R.	" " "	" " "	Saugerties, N. Y.
Lee, A. T.	" " "	" " "	